MARVEL COMICS
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WOLVERINE
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PLUS 3 MORE ALL-NEW FEATURES!
THE BEAST UNLEASHED?!
LEVIN

MARVEL® COMICS PRESENTS

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Page

WOLVERINE **1**

Sign of the Beast
Part 2 of 2

"PREY"

Wolverine, his beast side in control, plays a deadly game of cat and mouse with the kidnapped Tyger Tiger and her captors. And unless Tyger Tiger can find a way to get Wolverine's human side back in control, she will be his final victim!

Writers — DWIGHT ZIMMERMAN
Penciler — PAUL RYAN
Inker — HARRY CANDELARIO
Letterer — TODD KLEIN
Colorist — NEL YOMTOV

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POISON **9**

Vandals of the Heart
Part 4 of 8

"REPARATION"

Joe's incoherent late night phone calls have made him a continuing nuisance in Dallas and Sally's lives and an annoyance to Luggman, who depends on Dallas' banking acumen. Their first attempt to remove the irritant has failed, due to Poison's intervention. Now Luggman is prepared to try more drastic means.

Writers — STEVE GERBER
Art — CINDY MARTIN
Letterer — TIM HARKINS
Colorist — CHRIS IVY

Page

SCARLET WITCH **17**

Separate Lives
Part 4 of 4

"CLOUDS OF VENGEANCE"

Now that her pirate adventure is over, the Scarlet Witch has returned to the present. But how can she, a disembodied spirit, defeat the mutant-hating mystic who caused her banishment, Dr. Revery, before her time runs out?

Story/Art — RICHARD HOWELL

Page

THOR **25**

"NORSE BLOOD"

Several thousand years ago, the continent of North America was the site of a brief war of gods which pitted the thunder god, Thor, against the malevolent vampire lord, Varnae.

Writer — LEN KAMINSKY
Penciler — DON HECK
Inker — CHRIS IVY
Letterer — RICHARD STARKINGS
Colorist — CHRIS IVY

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WOLVERINE in SIGN OF THE BEAST PART II
S-SHEIK! LET US DEPART, BEFORE LE SAUVAGE WHO KILLED MONSIEUR CORRIGAN ATTACKS US!
DUMAS, SHALL I RECOMMEND MY MASTER SACRIFICE YOU IN CORRIGAN'S STEAD? WE STAY UNTIL I AM CERTAIN OF CORRIGAN'S FATE.
WHAT SAY YOU, BARRETT?
HE'S DEAD ALL RIGHT, SHEIK!
LOOK AT THIS RIPPED UP SHIRT, AN' THE BLOODY GROUND -- THAT WILD MAN MUSTA TORN CORRIGAN APART!
YA WANT US TA SEARCH FOR A PIECE O' HIM TA SHOW YER MASTER, ABDUL ALHAIRED?
I SAY, ISN'T WHAT WE HAVE QUITE ENOUGH?
RHYS IS AFRAID? BAH, WILD MAN DOESN'T SCARE STUMPY!
ARCHIE DEAD -- BY THE HAND OF HIS FRIEND, WOLVERINE! THEN I FEAR WE MAY ALL DIE!
AREEY

"BECAUSE IT MEANS SOME-HOW THE BEAST IN WOLVERINE HAS GAINED CONTROL!
"A BEAST WHO WILL TOY WITH US...
"...SHOW US HOW HELPLESS WE ARE BEFORE IT FINALLY SLAYS US ALL!"
BISMALLAH! WHAT APPARITION--?
THAT'S CORTMANG CAP!
AND THERE IS THE SAVAGE FROM WHOSE BLOODY FINGERS IT SLIPPED!
STOP JABBERIN'--AN GIMME SHOOTIN'!
BE WARNED, RABBITT! OFFEND ME AND YOU OFFEND...
BRRRRRRRP
...MY MASTER!
POW
POW
K-POW
POW
GO WHAT?
WHAP
ZING
BAMP
CROW
IF THAT GUY GETS HIS MITTS ON US, WE'RE READY!
CEASE FIRE! HE'S GONE! AN' PROBABLY WITHOUT A SCRATCH!
IMPOSSIBLE! I'M A DEAD SHOT! I'M CERTAIN I SCORED WITH EVERY ROUND!
SHOULD I TELL THEM WHO--WHAT--THEY FACE?
YEAH, WELL, BEFORE HIS GHOST DECIDES TA RETURN, WE'D BETTER CLEAR OUT!

BUT, IF I DO, AND WE SURVIVE, WHAT IS MY FATE? FREEDOM, OR DEATH AS A SACRIFICE IN ONE OF ABDUL ALHAZRED'S UNHOLY RITUALS? I MUST LEARN MORE!
AWRIGHT, SCARFACE, DOWN THAT TRAIL.
I DEMAND TO KNOW WHY--
MY MASTER REQUIRES OBEDIENCE, NOT EXPLANATIONS. BE SILENT, AND YOUR LIFE WILL PASS WITH PLEASURE.
SO, I WILL DIE!
VERY WELL, IF THAT IS FATE'S DECREE, LET IT BE SWIFT-- DELIVERED BY A MAN-BEAST WHO WILL RELEASE MY SOUL, NOT DESTROY IT!
HEY! LOOK OUT!
OHHH! HELP!
HURRY, LOBAN! ATTACK, BEFORE I RUN OUT OF THINGS TO DELAY THEM!
DUMAG--COME HERE! ASSIST THE WOMAN!
UGH
EH--? BARRETT, WHAT DID YOU SAY? SPEAK UP!
BARRETT--?
BEARD OF THE PROPHET--!
WOMAN-- WHERE AS HE?
I-I DO NOT KNOW. I HEARD A NOISE. WHEN I LOOKED UP, HE WAS GONE!
EEEAAAH!
BARRETT!
THE WILD MAN'S KILLING HIM!
SCARFACE! THROW TIGER TIGER ON YOUR SHOULDER! HURRY!
WHY? BARRETT IS ALREADY DEAD!

YES, AND UNLESS YOU WISH TO SHARE HIS FATE YOU WILL RUN--
--TO ESCAPE BEFORE THAT SAVAGE CAN RETURN!

FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER...
WE'RE SAFE NOW!
WE WILL BE SAFE ONLY WHEN TIGER TIGER IS IN MY MASTER'S POSSESSION!
STEADY ON, SHEIK!

THE BEAST-MAN WOULD HAVE TO BE A BLOODY LIGHTNING BOLT TO--
--WHAAAAAA?
HOW?
BROTHER, THE WILD MAN!
IDIOTS! SHOOT THE SAVAGE BEFORE HE SLAYS US ALL!

SHEIK IS RIGHT, BROTHER! FIRE!
WHAT OF RHYS?

LUCK WILL SAVE HIM, OR IT WON'T-- EH? RHYS'S PISTOL!
THEN...

RAARRRG!
BROTHER... HIS HANDS-- CLAWS!

MY GUN!
BROTHER--HURRY! SHOOT HIM BEFORE HE CAN TURN AND--
SKAKK
CHAKK
CEASE GAPING, FOOLS! ARE YOU NOT WHAT YOU BOASTED--THE BEST OF ASSASSINS? KILL HIM AND RECEIVE DOUBLE YOUR FEE!
BOLD WORDS, BUT HIS GRIP BETRAYS HIM--THE SHEIK IS AFRAID!
IF THEY CANNOT?
DID YOU HEAR THE SHEIK, BROTHER? DOUBLE!
THE BEAST THINKS IT CAN DEFEAT THOSE TWO WITHOUT THE MIND OF LOGAN IN CONTROL. CAN IT?
THAT PROBLEM IS THEIRS. OURS IS ESCAPE. GO!
I FEAR NOT.
I HAVE HIM--STRIKE!
UHKK--!
WHAK
MY BROTHER HAS ALWAYS BEEN TOO SLOW.
BUT SCARFACE IS SWIFT, AND HIS GRIP--UNBREAKABLE!
YOU ARE A DEAD MAN, CLAW HANDS!
RRRRRRR

AGAIN! HIT HIM AGAIN! WE MUST HAVE OUR REVENGE BEFORE WE KILL HIM!
YES!
EH—? BROTHER, BEWARE! HE IS SHIFTING HIS WEIGHT!
UNGH!
RARRR!
WHAM!
WILD MAN, I WILL CRUSH Y-
YARRG!
CHOCK!
CHOCK!
SPARE US! IT IS THE SHEIK YOU WANT!
HE IS THE LEADER! HE ORDERED US!
CAN'T YOU--
RRRRRRR
RRRRRRR
--UNDERSTAND ENGLISH?
NOOOOOOO*
THEY HAVE FALLEN.
NOM DU CHIEN! LE SAUVAGE WILL BE HERE TOUT DE SUITE!
SHEIK, I WILL RUN AHEAD--ENSURE THE PATH IS SAFE!
AAAAAAAH*
BISMALLAH!
YOU--!

WOLVERINE!
LOGAN--?
I HAVE FAILED MY MASTER. MY LIFE-- MY SOUL--IS FORFEIT!
NO! I CAN STILL REDEEM MYSELF!
DIE, SAVAGE! DIE!
LOGAN, DUCK!
PUM PUM PUM
WHAT MADNESS IS THIS? MY BULLETS STRIKE YOU, YET YOU DO NOT FLINCH...
...NOR DO YOU FALL!
A CHARM...OR A SPELL... MUST PROTECT YOU!
BUT YOUR FRIEND IS NOT SO SHIELDED I HEARD THE WAY SHE CRIED YOUR NAMES! YOU ARE FRIENDS--PERHAPS LOVERS!
STOP! OR MY LAST CARTRIDGE WILL--
RAARRRRRRR
SNIKT
SIC--
WHAK!
--KILLIAN! NNGH!

LOGAN, YOU SAVED ME! THAT MEANS THE BEAST IN YOU IS--
GRRRRR
--IN CONTROL.
HIS CLAWS! IN A SECOND HE WILL RELEASE THEM AND--
SNIKT! YOU'RE DEAD!
WHA--? YOU!
ARCHIE!
THAT'S RIGHT, LOGAN DIDN'T KILL ME. HE RESCUED ME AND LEFT ME TO GUARD THE PRISONERS.
HOLD STILL WHILE I CUT YOU FREE.
PRISONERS...?
THEN YOU ONLY PRETENDED THAT YOUR BEAST SIDE WAS IN CONTROL. VERY CLEVER!
BUT WHEN YOU KEPT THEM--KEPT ME--BELIEVING IT TO THE LAST SECOND, YOU WENT TOO FAR!
NOPE.
WHAT?!
SORRY, DARLIN', BUT WHEN YOU CALLED ME "LOGAN", YOU COMPROMISED MY PLAN--WHICH WAS WORKING JUST FINE UNTIL THEN, INCIDENTALLY. I COULDN'T LET THEM KNOW I HAD ANYTHING AT STAKE--I HAD TA KEEP HIM GUESSIN' UNTIL I COULD GET MY CLAWS ON HIS PISTOL.
AS FOR THE REST--SUE ME.
THING IS, FOR A WHILE, I WAS THE BEAST.
IT WAS SEEIN' ABDUL ALHAZRED'S TATTOO ON THE SHEIK THAT BROUGHT ME BACK.
THE BEAST GOT SCARED. IT DIDN'T WANT TO MESS IN HIS AFFAIRS.
WORST PART IS, IT'S GOT GOOD REASON.
ALL RIGHT, ARCHIE, LET'S TAKE THESE YAHOOS TO SOMEPLACE SAFE, LIKE JAIL.
MADRIPOOR'S JAIL? THE ONLY THING WORSE THAN THAT IS--
BEIN' SENT BACK EMPTY-HANDED TO ABDUL ALHAZRED AN' I AIN'T THAT MEAN.
THE END.

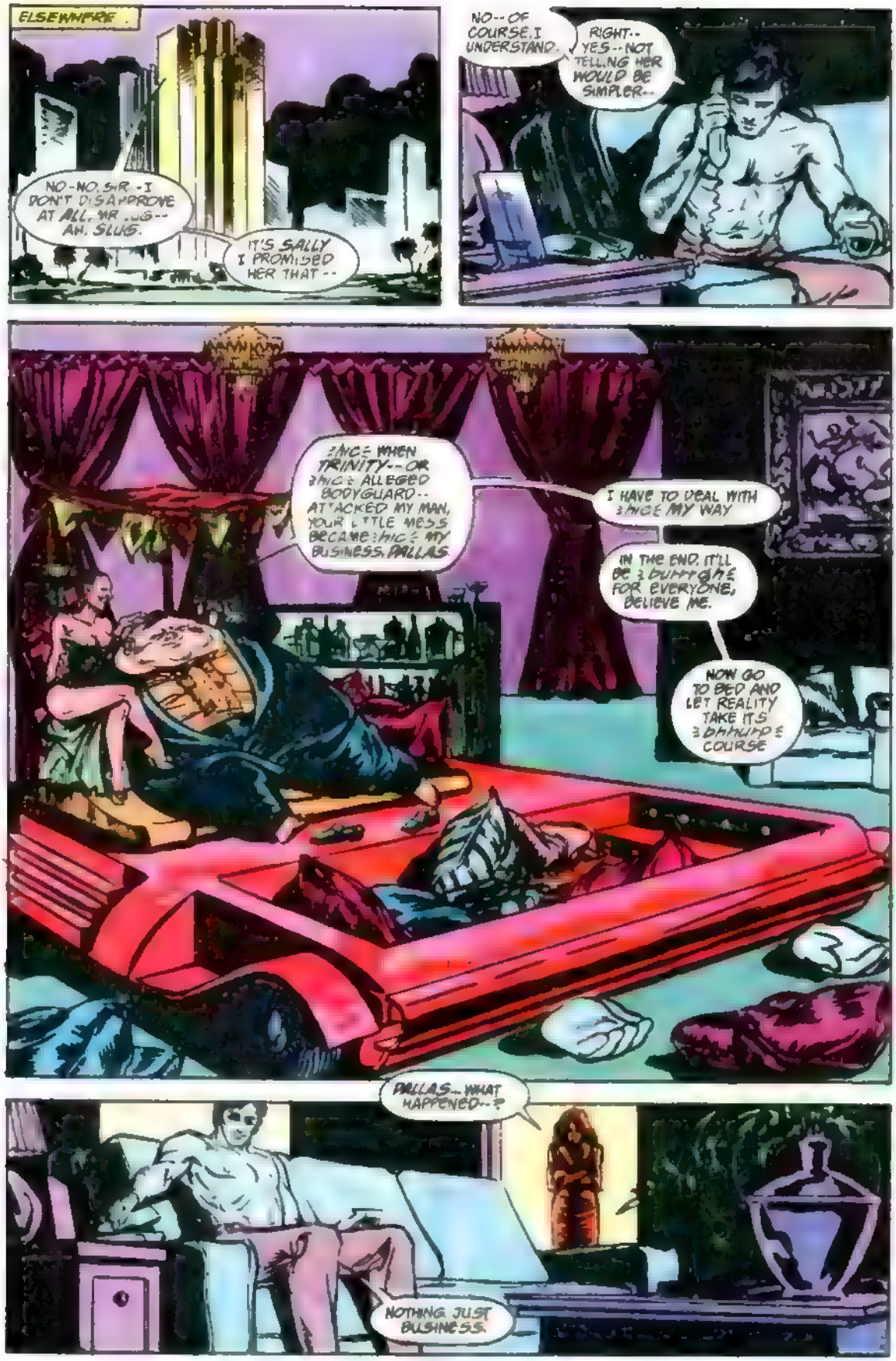
THE MIAMI ESTATE OF WELDON LEEK, INTERNATIONAL FINANCIER..
ANDREA WILL BE STAYING FOR BREAKFAST, JOSEPH. BE SURE TO TELL VALENCIA.
YES, SIR
IN THE MOOD FOR CHAMPAGNE? I HAVE --
SLUG SAID TO TELL YA
WHAT THE DEVIL?
POISON 'N' PAINKILLERS
..HE FOUND THE MISSING SHIPMENT IN YOUR WAREHOUSE
DEAL'S OFF, LEEK
VANDALS THE HEART!
CHAPTER 4

FERDINAND ("FOXY") VERTIERRA
:hemh:

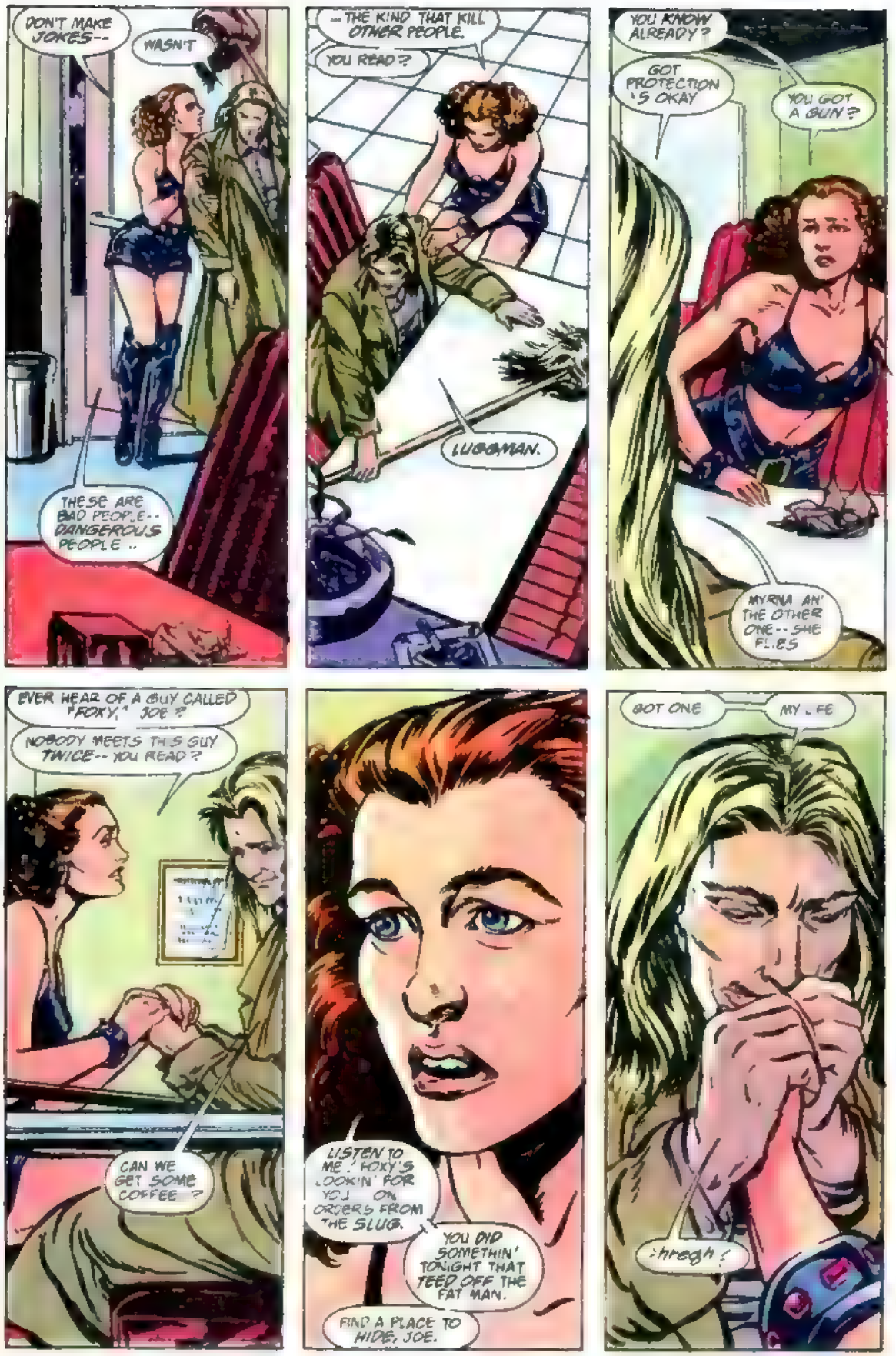
MEEP MEEP MEEP

MEEP MEEP MEEP

BUSY NIGHT.


ELSEWHERE
NO--NO, SIR--I DON'T DISAPPROVE AT ALL, MR ..UG-- AH, SLUG.
IT'S SALLY I PROMISED HER THAT--
NO--OF COURSE, I UNDERSTAND.
RIGHT-- YES--NOT TELLING HER WOULD BE SIMPLER--
SINCE WHEN TRINITY--OR SINCE ALLEGED BODYGUARD-- ATTACKED MY MAN, YOUR LITTLE MESS BECAME SINCE MY BUSINESS, DALLAS.
I HAVE TO DEAL WITH SINCE MY WAY
IN THE END, IT'LL BE SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE, BELIEVE ME.
NOW GO TO BED AND LET REALITY TAKE ITS SOMEHOW COURSE
DALLAS... WHAT HAPPENED--?
NOTHING JUST BUSINESS.

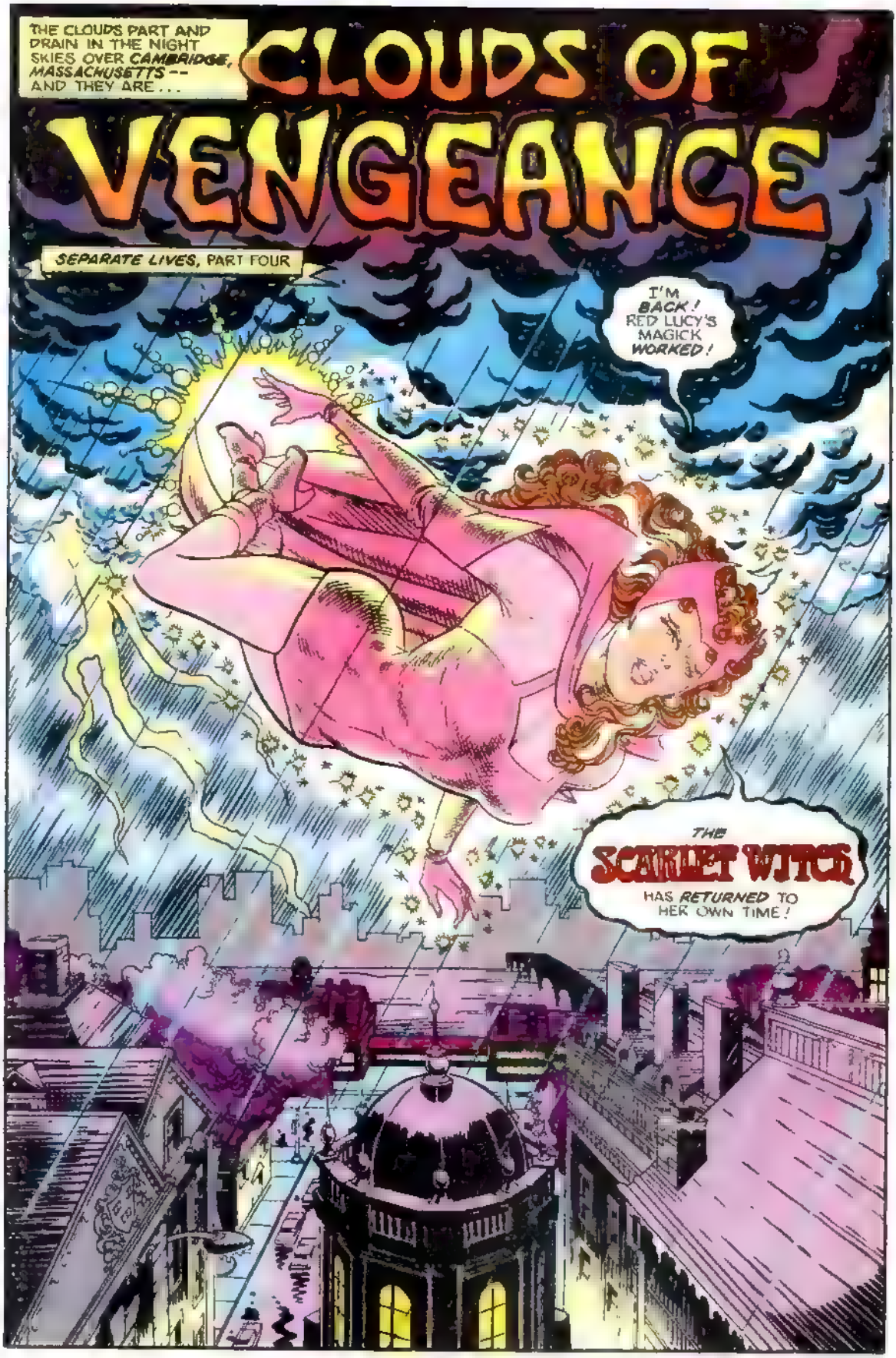
ON THE STREET
HAMMERIN', HAMMERIN'... POUND IT DOWN...
GRANULATION OF THE SOUL...
'S FUNNY, MYRNA...
HER NOT ASKIN' ABOUT YOU.
'S ALWAYS THE FIRST QUESTION.
"WHY YOO TALKIN' TO A MOPE, DOOD?"
SHE READ. YOU THINK?
COULD BE COULD BE
DON'T LIKE 'ER, DO YOU?
YOU JEALOUS, OR SOMETH--
JOE! WE GOTTA TALK!
NAH?
SHARONA. HIYA.
C'MON-- GET YOUR BUTT INSIDE-- QUICK!
PEOPLE ARE ASKING ABOUT YOU, JOE--!
ESSAY OR MULTIPLE CHOICE?

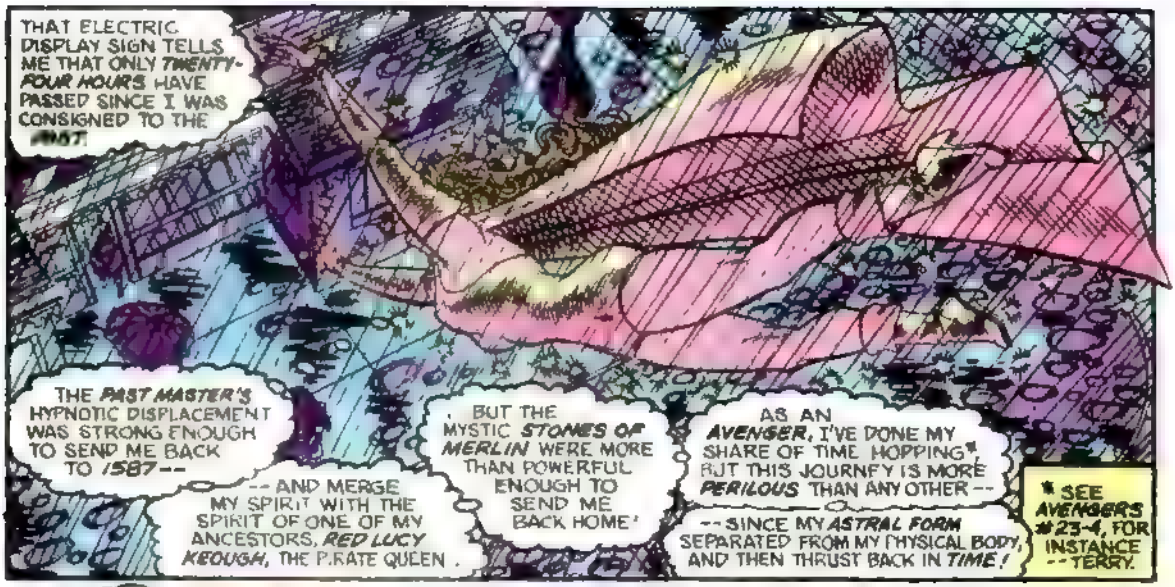

DON'T MAKE JOKES--
WASN'T
THESE ARE BAD PEOPLE-- DANGEROUS PEOPLE..
...THE KIND THAT KILL OTHER PEOPLE.
YOU READ?
LUGGMAN.
YOU KNOW ALREADY?
GOT PROTECTION 'S OKAY
YOU GOT A GUN?
MYRNA AN' THE OTHER ONE-- SHE FLIES
EVER HEAR OF A GUY CALLED "FOXY," JOE?
NOBODY MEETS THIS GUY TWICE-- YOU READ?
CAN WE GET SOME COFFEE?
LISTEN TO ME. FOXY'S LOOKIN' FOR YOU ON ORDERS FROM THE SLUG.
YOU DID SOMETHIN' TONIGHT THAT TEED OFF THE FAT MAN.
FIND A PLACE TO HIDE, JOE.
GOT ONE
MY LIFE
shregh!

I HAVE LEARNED WHAT I NEED TO KNOW ABOUT JOE TRINITY--
--THAT HE CHOSE TO SACRIFICE SUCCESS RATHER THAN VIRTUE--
--AND THAT PAIN WAS HIS REWARD
FROM THE WOMAN HE LOVED
FROM THE ASSOCIATE HE TRUSTED
TOMORROW I WILL VISIT
DEAR SALLY, FAITHFUL DALLAS.
AND IT WILL BE THEIR TURN TO--
MAMA...?
CARLOS... DID I WAKE YOU?
DON'T KNOW-- I MUST'A DREAMED SOMETHING..
GOT SCARED, A LITTLE..
YOU HOME NOW..?
OF COURSE I AM HOME - RIGHT NEXT TO YOU
I MEANT STAYING.
SI, NIÑO. STAY.NG.
LAST THE NIGHT SUMMOYS POYSON AGAIN'.

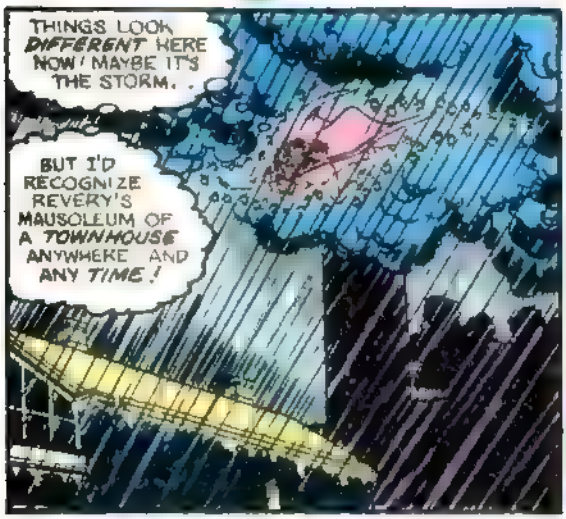
AT THE POLICE PRECINCT.
YEAH YEAH-- I GOT IT
DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M GONNA DO WITH IT-- BUT I GOT IT
PAINT RESIDUE... SPLINTERS, PROBABLY PINE--ANYTHING ELSE?
WELL, THEN TELL ME--WHAT CAN MAKE A HOLE LIKE THAT IN A GUY'S CHEST?
FUNNY YOU SHOULD BE ON JOHNNY CARSON.
STILL NO LUCK?
ACCORDING TO FELDMAN, THE KILLER'S EITHER A JANITOR OR A DERANGED HOUSEWIFE.
MY DEAD GUYS TOOK A BROOM HANDLE THROUGH THEIR HEARTS.
WHAT MESSED UP THE R FACES?
FELDMAN SAYS RADIATION BURN--EXCEPT THERE'S NO TRACE OF RADIATION
HATCH.
FUNNY THING IS-- THE PUNK WHO LIVED KEPT TALKIN' ABOUT A DEMENTOID WITH A MOP...!
I FIGURED THE KID WAS BUGGY, BUT--
BUT MAYBE NOT?
MAYBE

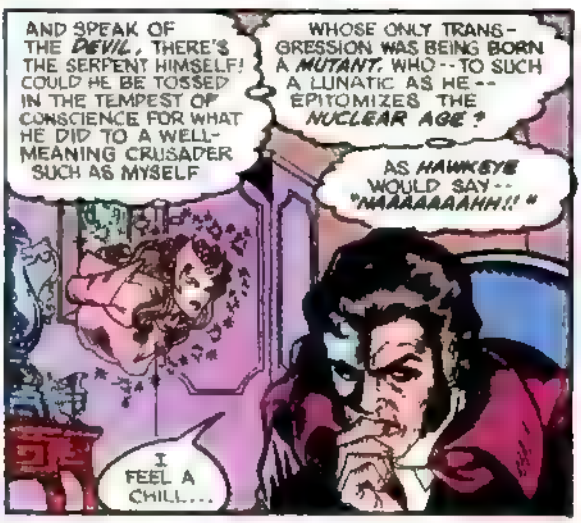
ELSEWHERE..
LEON SAYS YOU'RE FRIENDS WITH HIM...!
I TOLD YOU-- I KNOW HIM...
...BUT I DON'T KNOW WHERE HE IS--!
YOU KNOW, I PROMISED LEON I'D LET YOU WALK OUT OF HERE-- IF YOU TALKED.
LEON AND I GO BACK A WAYS I WOULDN'T LIE TO HIM
YOU TALK, YOU WALK.
YOU DON'T, THEY CARRY YOU OUT --
--IN A BAG.
AK!
THUK
SHORTLY-
CALL A DOCTOR. THIS SHOULD COVER IT.
THANKS FOR THE TIP, LEON.
ANYTIME, DUDE
CONTINUES NEXT ISSUE...

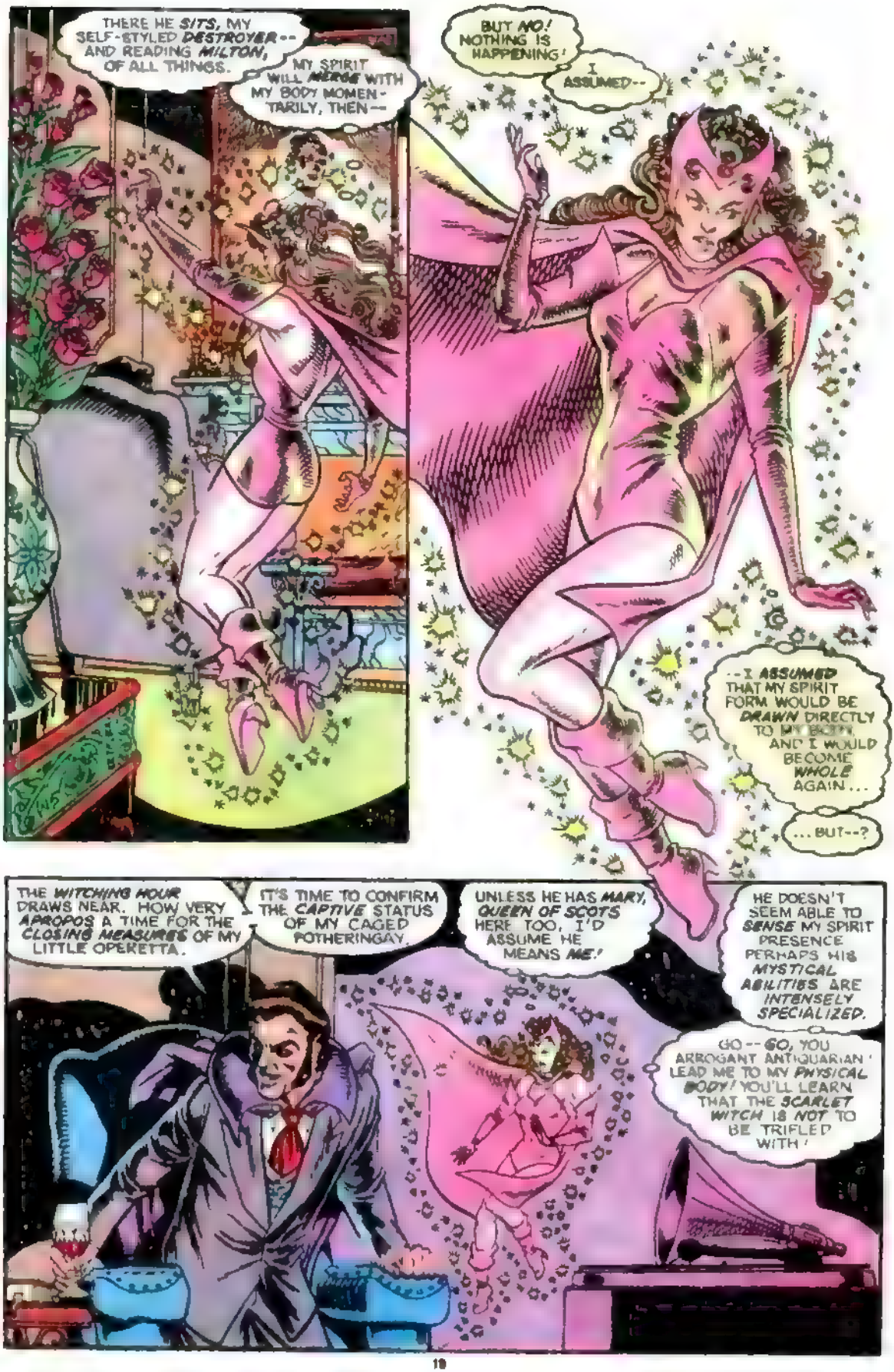

THE CLOUDS PART AND DRAIN IN THE NIGHT SKIES OVER CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS -- AND THEY ARE...
CLOUDS OF VENGEANCE
SEPARATE LIVES, PART FOUR
I'M BACK! RED LUCY'S MAGICK WORKED!
THE SCARLET WITCH HAS RETURNED TO HER OWN TIME!


THAT ELECTRIC DISPLAY SIGN TELLS ME THAT ONLY TWENTY-FOUR HOURS HAVE PASSED SINCE I WAS CONSIGNED TO THE PAST!
THE PAST MASTER'S HYPNOTIC DISPLACEMENT WAS STRONG ENOUGH TO SEND ME BACK TO 1587 --
-- AND MERGE MY SPIRIT WITH THE SPIRIT OF ONE OF MY ANCESTORS, RED LUCY KEOUGH, THE PIRATE QUEEN .
. BUT THE MYSTIC STONES OF MERLIN WERE MORE THAN POWERFUL ENOUGH TO SEND ME BACK HOME!
AS AN AVENGER, I'VE DONE MY SHARE OF TIME HOPPING*, BUT THIS JOURNEY IS MORE PERILOUS THAN ANY OTHER --
-- SINCE MY ASTRAL FORM SEPARATED FROM MY PHYSICAL BODY, AND THEN THRUST BACK IN TIME!
* SEE AVENGERS #23-4, FOR INSTANCE -- TERRY.

THAT VERMIN ALDER REVERY ENTRANCED ME -- AND BANISHED MY SPIRIT!
LUCKILY, MY ANCESTRESS RED LUCY AIDED ME BY GAINING THE NECESSARY SPELL OF TIME TRAVEL FROM VALMOORA, THE DRUID WITCH!
I CANNOT FORGET, THOUGH, VALMOORA'S WARNING TO ME IF I FAILED TO REUNITE MYSELF WITH MY BODY BEFORE TOO MUCH TIME HAD PASSED --
. . SHE WILL HAVE NO RIGHTFUL PLACE THERE. HER BODY WILL BECOME A VESSEL NO SOUL CAN FILL!


THINGS LOOK DIFFERENT HERE NOW! MAYBE IT'S THE STORM. .
BUT I'D RECOGNIZE REVERY'S MAUSOLEUM OF A TOWNHOUSE ANYWHERE AND ANY TIME!


AND SPEAK OF THE DEVIL, THERE'S THE SERPENT HIMSELF! COULD HE BE TOSSED IN THE TEMPEST OF CONSCIENCE FOR WHAT HE DID TO A WELL-MEANING CRUSADER SUCH AS MYSELF
WHOSE ONLY TRANSGRESSION WAS BEING BORN A MUTANT, WHO -- TO SUCH A LUNATIC AS HE -- EPITOMIZES THE NUCLEAR AGE?
AS HAWKEYE WOULD SAY -- "NAAAAAAAHH!!"
I FEEL A CHILL....


THERE HE SITS, MY SELF-STYLED DESTROYER -- AND READING MILTON, OF ALL THINGS.
MY SPIRIT WILL MERGE WITH MY BODY MOMENTARILY, THEN --
BUT NO! NOTHING IS HAPPENING!
I ASSUMED --
-- I ASSUMED THAT MY SPIRIT FORM WOULD BE DRAWN DIRECTLY TO MY BODY, AND I WOULD BECOME WHOLE AGAIN...
...BUT--?
THE WITCHING HOUR DRAWS NEAR. HOW VERY APROPOS A TIME FOR THE CLOSING MEASURES OF MY LITTLE OPERETTA.
IT'S TIME TO CONFIRM THE CAPTIVE STATUS OF MY CAGED POTHERINGAY.
UNLESS HE HAS MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS HERE TOO, I'D ASSUME HE MEANS ME!
HE DOESN'T SEEM ABLE TO SENSE MY SPIRIT PRESENCE. PERHAPS HIS MYSTICAL ABILITIES ARE INTENSELY SPECIALIZED.
GO -- GO, YOU ARROGANT ANTIQUARIAN! LEAD ME TO MY PHYSICAL BODY! YOU'LL LEARN THAT THE SCARLET WITCH IS NOT TO BE TRIFLED WITH!

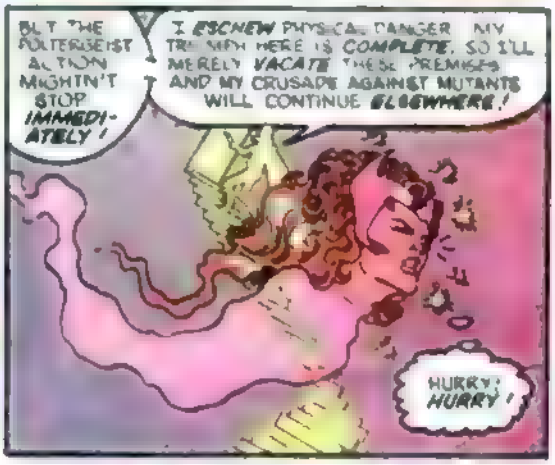
A SECRET DOOR BEHIND THE GRANDFATHER CLOCK? BUT OF COURSE! LEAD ON, McREVERY!
REGRETTABLY, THE INITIAL PHASE IN MY CRUSADE AGAINST THE ABOMINATIONS BORN OF THE ATOMIC AGE IS NEAR COMPLETE. WOULD THAT THERE WERE SOME OPPOSITION, BUT NO, I PLANNED TOO WELL!
WHAT AN EGOIST! DOES THE MAN HAVE ANY - WAIT! MY BODY!
I'VE COME TO BID YOU FAREWELL, SCARLET WITCH!
NOT ONCE I MERGE WITH--
AAAAARRGHH!
SOMETHING'S BLOCKING ME! A MYSTICAL SHIELD!
BUT HOW--?
THIS MUST BE REVERY'S SURETY STRATEGY!
AFTER MY SPIRIT AND MY BODY HAD SEPARATED, HE PLACED MY ENTRANCED PHYSICAL FORM WITHIN A DOME OF SORCEROUS ENERGY.
THAT ENSURES THAT MY--OR ANY WANDERING--SPIRIT CANNOT RE-ANIMATE MY "TAINTED" MUTANT BODY...
. AND IT WORKS. CURSE HIM!
WHAT'S HE PLANNING NOW?
YES, MR. "HANLEY", THIS IS "R".
I HAVE AN ITEM TO BE DISPOSED OF. NO, I WISH NO IDENTIFICATION WITH IT.
AS SOON AS POSSIBLE--AND LEAVE NO TRACES OF FOUL PLAY

IN A BASEMENT ON MT. AUBURN STREET. I'LL LEAVE THE ADDRESS AND THE--SPECIALIZED DIRECTIONS.
A BODY--FOR INDEFINITE STORAGE, YES.
WHAT? HE MEANS ME!
HE'S SO SURE OF MY BANISHMENT FROM THIS CENTURY?
MY BODY'S TO BE LOCKED AWAY--FOREVER?
NO!
WHAT? MY PHONE!
POOM
THAT WAS NO NATURAL OCCURRENCE!
THIS ENGENDERS SUSPICION!
THE POMPOUS BOOR SPEAKS MORE TRUTHFULLY THAN HE KNOWS!
JUST AS DURING MY PIRATE ADVENTURE, MY SPIRIT FORM CAN INDEED FOCUS MY MUTANT HEX POWER TO CONFOUND PROBABILITIES--
--SUCH AS ALTERING THE CHANCES THAT REVERE'S TELEPHONE WOULD EXPLODE AT THAT MOMENT!
BUT AT WHAT COST?
MY ETHEREAL FORM CANNOT SUSTAIN SUCH EXPENDITURES OF ENERGY! THAT LAST HEX DISSIPATED SOME OF THE FORCE WITH WHICH I'M MAINTAINING MY ASTRAL FORM.
BY HEXING REVERE, I'M HASTENING MY OWN DESTRUCTION!

SOME SUPERNATURAL AGENCY'S AT WORK HERE--
--BUT FORTUNATELY, I HAVE ACCESS TO MANY VOLUMES OF MYSTICAL RECOURSE, SUCH AS THE TEXT OF TANTILOVA, WHICH IS THE ACCREDITED AUTHORITY ON EXORCISING UNWANTED SPIRIT PRESENCES.
"THE PURITY OF TIME AND SPACE BE MACULATE...
"... LET NO IMPURE SHADE OF THE UN INVITED
I DON'T THINK THAT SPELL WILL AFFECT MY SPIRIT FORM--
--BUT I CAN'T CHANCE IT!
BY HARRY! THE MALEVOLENT SPIRIT PRESENCE ATTACKS MY HISTORICAL TEXT! A CLEAR SIGN OF FEAR OF IDEAS!
WHAT CAN HAVE ATTRACTED ITS MALEFICENT FORCE TO ME? CAN THIS BE DIRECTED ENERGY?
A POLTER-GEIST, PERHAPS?
A HAUNT IN THIS HOUSE?
WHY DID THIS BEGIN NOW?
PWOK
HE'S BECOME UNNERVED ALL RIGHT --BUT THIS DISPLAY IS TAXING ME, TOO!
IT'S TIME TO GIVE HIS APPREHENSIONS SOME FOCUS-- AND PRAY MY DISSEMBLING SUCCEEDS!

I'LL HAVE TO RISK ANOTHER "MANIFESTATION".
A SLIGHT PLAY OF MY HEX POWER WILL CAUSE MY BODY'S MYSTICAL BARRIER TO SPARK AND GLOW!
EH? THE WITCH'S AURA?

OF COURSE! ITS MAGICKAL ENERGY MUST BE ATTRACTING FREE-FLOATING MYSTIC DISRUPTIONS!
I CAN DISSIPATE THE SHIELD WITH A GESTURE! THE MUTANT IS IRRETRIEVABLY BANISHED FROM THIS CENTURY ANYWAY!
IT IS DONE!


BUT THE POLTERGEIST ACTION MIGHTN'T STOP IMMEDIATELY!
I ESCHEW PHYSICAL DANGER. MY TRIUMPH HERE IS COMPLETE. SO I'LL MERELY VACATE THESE PREMISES AND MY CRUSADE AGAINST MUTANTS WILL CONTINUE ELSEWHERE!
HURRY! HURRY!

AND AS SOON AS THE SECRET PANEL CLOSES...
IT'S WORKING!
I'M FINALLY HOME!

THEN, IN THE WAKE OF HER VICTORY, A WAVE OF IRRESISTIBLE DIZZINESS WASHES OVER THE SCARLET WITCH, WEAKENING HER MOMENTARILY...
...UNTIL HER HEROIC SPIRIT REASSERTS ITSELF.
HE'LL NOT ESCAPE ME NOW!
TOO LATE!
HE'S FLED!
AND FROM WHAT HE SAID WHEN HE DEPARTED, I DON'T THINK HE'LL BE BACK!
I'LL CHECK WITH THE RENTAL AGENT FOR ANY LEADS BACK TO ALDER REVERY, BUT I EXPECT IT WILL COME TO NAUGHT. HE'S A SLY ONE!
I'LL FILE A PROFILE OF HIM IN THE AVENGERS' COMPUTER FILE, SO OTHERS WILL BE WARNED
COLD COMFORT...
AND WITHOUT A BACKWARD GLANCE, SHE STEPS OUT INTO THE SODDEN STREETS OF CAMBRIDGE, THE SENSATION OF THE STORM, FEELING REAL AND GOOD AGAINST HER SKIN.
TO MY LODGINGS, THEN--AND A HOT BATH!
YES, THAT'S SOMETHING FOR WHICH I NOW HAVE TIME...
THE END.

NORSE BLOOD
Although recent archaeological digs confirm the existence of Viking expeditions across the Atlantic Ocean and the subsequent attempted colonization of North America, few indications have yet been found to explain the failure of those colonies
From The Veil of Time by Mathew Tomaso Phd
GATHER, BROTHERS! GATHER, SISTERS!
FEATURING:
THOR
I TELL YOU NOW A TALE -- A TALE OF GODS.
GODS OF LIGHT AND DARKNESS.
A TALE FROM A FARAWAY LAND...
...A TALE OF THE TWILIGHT TIMES...

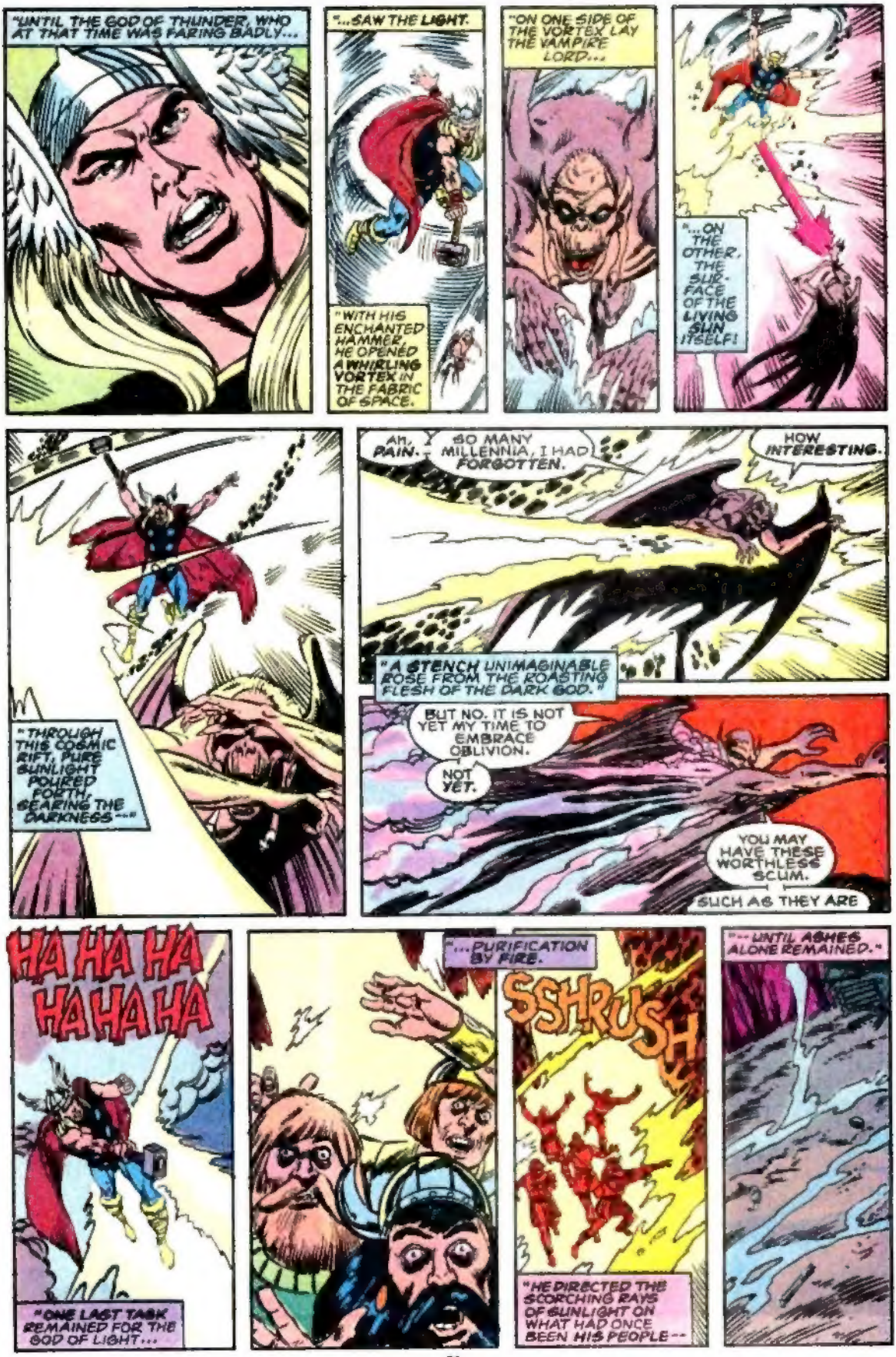
"IN A LAND FAR-FLUNG IN A TIME NOW FORGOTTEN, A FIRE BURNED IN THE MIDNIGHT FOREST
"THERE, A GIRL OF NO MORE THAN SIXTEEN SUMMERS KNELT IN PRAYER..."
HEAR THY SERVANT, LORDS OF AGARD! I BESEECH THEE!
THY PEOPLE ARE CONSUMED BY A PLAGUE OF DARKNESS!
THEY HAVE BECOME UNCLEAN, SOULLESS THINGS, AND THEY--
THEY ARE HERE...
"BUT IT WAS TOO LATE FOR PRAYER.
"LONG HAD THESE POOR WANDERERS JOURNEYED FROM THEIR NATIVE LANDS TO TEND THE EARTH OF THIS STRANGE NEW WESTERN CONTINENT."
NO, PLEASE!
I BEG OF THEE!
COME, CHILD..
IT IS TIME YOU JOINED US
"ALL FOR NAUGHT."
AAUUGGHHH!
"FOR IN THIS DARK NEW LAND THEY FOUND ONLY DEATH.
AND EVEN THEN, THEIR HORROR HAD ONLY BEGUN
OVERHEAD, PEALS OF RAGE RIP THE NIGHT SKY.
CHA-THUUM

"THE HEAVENS' ANGER SEARED THE SKIES...
THOOM
"... DELIVERING A STORMCHILD, A FIERCE AND TERRIBLE GOD OF LIGHT AND WRATH UNTO THE EARTH'S SHIVERING BOSOM.
"HERE NOW WAS THE ALOOF GOD OF LIGHT, THE SON OF ASGARD THE MAIDEN CRIED FOR SO.
"HIS SMOLDERING EYES PIERCED THE DARKNESS...
"...DISCOVERING NOTHING.
"HE ENTERED THE ROUGH SHELTER THAT HAD ONCE BEEN CONSECRATED TO HIS WORSHIP...
"...AND FOUND THAT FOR WHICH HE SEARCHED."
NAY.
"TIS UNSPEAKABLE!
"HE HAD FOUND HALF OF HIS PEOPLE."
"THE OTHER HALF FOUND HIM."
VAMPIRES!

BY ODIN'S BEARD, I'LL NOT TOLERATE SUCH BLASPHEMY!
AWAY FROM ME FOUL CREATURES!
'T-'TIS... THOR!
THOR..?
WHERE IS THY VILE MASTER, WRETCHED ONE?
WHERE?
TELL ME, THAT I MIGHT--
WOOMPH
AYE, OF COURSE.
HA HA HA HA HA HA
NO VAMPIRE MAY BUT BURN AT THE TOUCH OF THAT WHICH IT WORSHIPS. NOT EVEN--
AND WHAT OF I, GODLING, WHO HAVE OUTLIVED SUCH GODS AS I ONCE FEARED?
DARE YOU RAISE YOUR HAND AGAINST ME?
I DARE, FIEND!
NAME THYSELF!

MY NAME'S ARE LEGION, PALE ONE.
BABYLONIA CALLED ME BAAL.
THE TCHO-TCHO PEOPLE KNEW ME AS TSATHOGGUA.
TO THE RED SAVAGES OF THIS NEW WORLD, I AM CROATOAN.
IN SHADOWED ATLANTIS I WAS
--VARNAE, LORD OF VAMPIRES!
WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE MY NEW PETS SHALL CALL ME?
FIEND!
THOU HAST PREYED UPON MY PEOPLE!
AND THOU MUST SURELY PAY!
ZRAK
"AND, AS THE FURY OF THE THUNDER GOD LEAPT FROM THE SKIES ABOVE, A BATTLE WAS BEGUN. THE LIKES OF WHICH THE WORLD HAD NEVER SEEN."
THOOM

BLUSTERING WORM.
I AM VARNAE!
I WATCHED AND SNICKERED AS YOUR SAVAGE ANCESTORS GNAWED THEIR CIV LIZATION FROM THE BONES OF THE OLD GODS.
TO ONE WHO HAS SURVIVED THE DEATH OF CONTINENTS, YOU ARE LESS THAN AN AMUSEMENT.
AND PERHAPS A SNACK.
IS YOUR BLOOD AS SWEET AS THAT OF YOUR SHEEP, THUNDER GOD?
CAN YOU NOT AFFORD ME A TASTE?
ERE THIS BATTLE IS FINISHED, EVIL ONE, THOU SHALT TASTE--
--THY DESTRUCTION!
SKA-CHOOM
*LONG INTO THE DARK NIGHT, THE GODS WARRED.


"UNTIL THE GOD OF THUNDER, WHO AT THAT TIME WAS FARING BADLY...
"...SAW THE LIGHT.
"WITH HIS ENCHANTED HAMMER, HE OPENED A WHIRLING VORTEX IN THE FABRIC OF SPACE.
"ON ONE SIDE OF THE VORTEX LAY THE VAMPIRE LORD...
"...ON THE OTHER, THE SURFACE OF THE LIVING SUN ITSELF!
"THROUGH THIS COSMIC RIFT, PURE SUNLIGHT POURED FORTH, SEARING THE DARKNESS--"
AH, PAIN.--
SO MANY MILLENNIA, I HAD FORGOTTEN.
HOW INTERESTING.
"A STENCH UNIMAGINABLE ROSE FROM THE ROASTING FLESH OF THE DARK GOD."
BUT NO. IT IS NOT YET MY TIME TO EMBRACE OBLIVION.
NOT YET.
YOU MAY HAVE THESE WORTHLESS SCUM.
SUCH AS THEY ARE
HA HA HA HA HA HA
"ONE LAST TASK REMAINED FOR THE GOD OF LIGHT...
"...PURIFICATION BY FIRE.
SSHRUSH
"HE DIRECTED THE SCORCHING RAYS OF SUNLIGHT ON WHAT HAD ONCE BEEN HIS PEOPLE--
"--UNTIL ASHES ALONE REMAINED."

"ALL WAS OBLITERATED IN A MOMENT OF TERRIBLE LIGHT."
I ALONE SURVIVED TO TELL THE TALE.
IT WAS I WHO CALLED DOWN THAT CURSE OF LIGHT ON OUR PEOPLE.
I WHO CAUSED OUR DARK GOD TO FORSAKE US.
BUT SINCE THAT LONG-AGO NIGHT, I SEEK TO ATONE FOR MY CRIMES.
I SPREAD THE MASTER'S GIFT.
TOGETHER, WE SHALL SEEK HIM OUT AMIDST THE SECRETS OF THE NIGHT.
AND WE SHALL WORSHIP HIS DARK MAJESTY--
--FOREVER.
"In 1591, 121 English settlers vanished from their colony on the island of Roanoke, Virginia, leaving behind only a single, cryptic word . . .
CROATOA!
THE END.

MARVEL READERS PRESENT

c/o MARVEL COMICS GROUP 387 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10016

Attention correspondents: All letters to be considered for publication must include your name and address though we will withhold that info by request!

TERRY KAVANAGH
Editor

KELLY CORVESE
Assistant Editor

Dear Terry,

Status Report #51—

Wolverine—Liefeld! Biehl's dictionary definition: "Remarkable. . . An artist who becomes an astonishing writer. . . A mindblower." Way to go, Rob! Part one of "The Wilding" was terrific. You began by showing us that Logan has a vulnerable side, being so intoxicated that his senses completely shut down. I'm glad you guys have decided to return Wild Child to his villain status. I didn't like the way James Hudnall placed him in Gamma Flight. He's no hero, he's a butcher. Keep him unfettered and bad. Poor Heather. She has to put up with so much lately it's a good thing Logan's coming home for a while. I can't wait for the blood bath, Rob. Please do more writing. 3 Claws (Snikt).

Comet Man—I'll be honest. I have never liked this character, although Bill and Miguel's writing style is becoming quite good. Actually, I think I prefer Max over Beckley Kelley Jones, oh yeah! 2 Claws.

Iron Man—This was truly a touching tale. With all of the bloodshed and violence in China this past year or so, this story had power that really hit home. I have some friends from China that had family amid the crisis in Beijing. And their sorrow has brought a tear to my eye more than once. I showed them this little tale and explained to them as best I could (they do not speak very good English) the events within. Believe it or not, they now love Iron Man. I believe you have some new readers. 3 Claws!

Le Peregrine—Another winner, Fabian m'man. Peregrine has style. Stane International lied with a sucker punch, but thanks to the flying Frenchman, there's just another Stane in the Gulf. Y'know, seeing as how popular Silver Sable is getting lately (that is, her and her agents), I think it's time to propose a series. How about it, readers? If Fabian can't write the series, I put my vote in for the up and coming Dwayne McDuffie. 3 Claws.

Len Biehl
1237 Pinoak
Rantoul, IL 61866

In the MARVEL COMICS PRESENTS dictionary under "Biehl," we believe it says ". . . Concise, great letters . . . Eloquent . . . Well written" . . . Thank you.

Dear Marvel,

I was determined not to pick up MARVEL COMICS PRESENTS #51. After all, I never did collect the title regularly and I didn't want to really begin now, what with the rather expensive projects that the industry seems to be churning out these days.

But I did get that issue. I don't know why . . . maybe it's that irresistibly fantastic front cover and the temptation of seeing a Liefeld-illustrated Wolverine story.

The past three issues featuring Erik Larsen's Wolvie Spidey tale seemed to be merely a great showcase for a fast-rising artist without much regard for his writing ability. The story was good, but I think it could have been better. Rob Liefeld's, on the other hand, looks very promising. His first writing assignment has begun with a good and interesting prologue . . . perhaps even leading to something better in the next Alpha Flight connection. Not being a regular reader of the book, I was kind of confused at the beginning. But let's not dwell on minor details, okay? On the other hand, Liefeld's Wolvie on page seven's last panel looked so much like a great Frank Miller drawing it brought a really nice touch to the story (and that last page's splash wasn't too shabby either!). Kudos to Liefeld! You'll go far!

As for the other stories in this issue, Comet Man was okay, but I'd better go back and look at the original series before I read any more. Right now, it's hard for me to judge the story since I'm unfamiliar with what's going on. It's good to see that you guys are making an effort at spotlighting lesser-known heroes in series instead of just one-shots, though.

I was more curious to see the Iron Man artist of the '60s (besides Gene Colan) inking one of the best Shellhead artists of the '80s, but to be honest, they weren't too spectacular either. Sorry, Storywise, the concept was great. I'd like to see Steve do a few more stories in the future.

Meanwhile, I still haven't gotten to reading the Le Peregrine story yet, 'cos I just got the issue an hour ago. Maybe next time.

And speaking of next time, I'm really looking forward to all the upcoming Wolvie tales you have lined up (including the Hulk team-up, Weapon X by Barry Windsor-Smith and the David McFarlane story, plus many others that I haven't even heard of . . . yet) and the non-Wolvie tales (like Foes of Spider-Man, Werewolf by Night, Beast, and perhaps even a Mary Jane Watson-Parker multi-parter? I can dream, can't I?).

Oh well, that's all I'm going to say. Sorry about the slightly long letter. I know you've got tons of letters to read, so thank you very much for the time and effort. I appreciate it. See you in the funny papers!

Leslie Lee
Blk 95, Old Airport Rd.
#1-171, Singapore 1439

We really appreciate you writing us, Leslie. Especially all the way from Singapore. You can write as many long letters to us as you want. That goes for everyone! Keep writing, we'll read everything you send us (except maybe the ones from Scott Lobdell asking us to use more of his stories. . .)!

Dear Terry,

This is my first letter to MARVEL COMICS PRESENTS, which isn't really surprising, as I only purchase it on a sporadic basis anyway. However, I felt obliged to put fingers to keyboard and thank you for issue #51. Wolverine is one of my favorite characters, but sadly, he is often represented quite poorly. Either the artwork is amateurish, the stories seem conceived in a matter of a few minutes, or he just doesn't have any direction to his actions. Not so with this issue.

Rob Liefeld is superb! His pen strokes are able to capture the true essence of Wolverine. Tense, deadly and on edge. Though the story capsule lasted only eight pages, it's easy to see that it is actually going somewhere, and isn't just another hack and slash affair. My thanks to you all for presenting a truly enjoyable story. Now if you could just work on that Le Peregrine a little. . .

Randolph Carter
Miskatonic University

Glad you liked the Wolverine story, Randolph. Hope you stayed around to see more. We're sure you liked it! Now, what was that about poor little Le Peregrine? You had a problem with that story? Oh well, don't worry, Fabian, no one else had a problem with it. . .

Dear MCP,

The Le Peregrine story in issue #51 was just what the readership wanted. Since issue one, I think, readers have been requesting for you to use this character. We got a story that is fast-paced, amusing, fascinating and filled with severe problems.

It ends with the explosion of the Stane tanker, with our hero soaring off, oh so carefree and gratified. Herein lies, literally, the fatal flaw.

What are the repercussions of the exploding tanker? Le Peregrine "reassures" us that the crew of the tanker will "easily avoid injury." But how does a whole tanker crew "easily" escape a blazing inferno of a ship in under 15 minutes. There was most likely ammunition on it, and what about oil? That's what tankers normally have on them. Such a catastrophe cannot be dismissed by a hero!

Matt Tauber
8164 Trabant Dr.
Montgomery, OH 45242

Whoa, wait a sec, Matt. We're sure Le Peregrine knew what he was doing when he blew the ship up. He already knew that there was no oil on it. It was probably on its way to get the oil when it was intercepted! And Le Peregrine must have overheard some guys on the ship saying how there was no ammunition on it. Yeah, that must have been it! Phew, that was a close one.

THERE'S NO ANTIDOTE FOR POISON!
IN OLDEN TIMES, THOR VS. THE FIRST VAMPIRE!
THE SCARLET WITCH IN A FINAL CONFRONTATION WITH THE PAST-MASTER!